Johnny Morris presents Animal Magic on page 10.

TV COMIC

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A POLYSTYLE PUBLICATION

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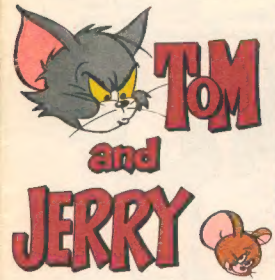

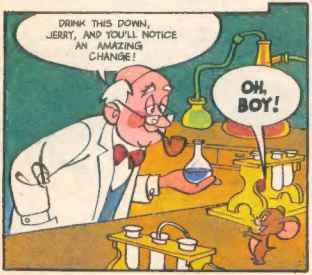

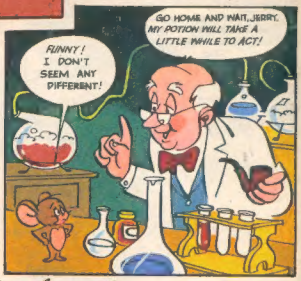

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More monster mouseterics on page 2.

THE AVENGERS

JOHN STEED and Tara King have fallen into the power of Captain Kettle, an officer who was cashiered from the army for cowardice, and who is now determined to prove that Steed too can be a coward. He puts them under the influence of his terrible invention, a dream-machine, which transports them to a world of fantasy. On this occasion they are in Camelot, and Steed is facing the fearsome Black Baron.

Based on the Thames Television production

Where to indeed ? Find out next week !

SKIPPY
the bush kangaroo

MATT, Jerry and Sonny have been captured by crooks while searching for Sonny's Uncle Jim among the islands of the great barrier reef. They have been placed in a bamboo cage. Skippy has found Uncle Jim, who is known as 'Jim Crusoe', and brought him back to help. But he has lost his memory and does not recognise anybody . .

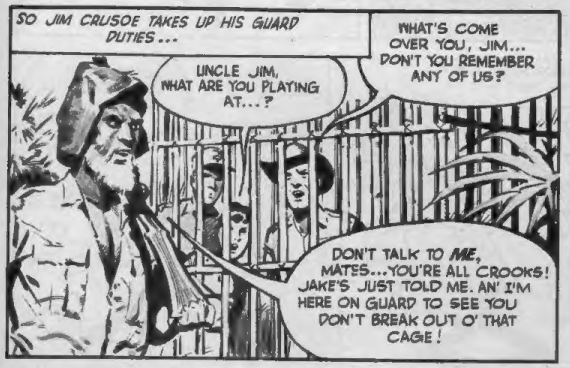
JIM! MY BROTHER JIM! I HARDLY RECOGNISED YOU! WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THAT GET-UP?
HE KNOWS MY NAME... HE MUST KNOW ME...SAYS HE'S MY BROTHER...BUT I DON'T EVEN REMEMBER I HAD A BROTHER!

MATT DOES HIS BEST TO STIR JIM'S MEMORY...
JIM, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? YOU'RE JIM HAMMOND! I'M MATT HAMMOND! HELP US OUT OF HERE BEFORE THOSE CROOKS GET BACK!...
... GO ON, UNCLE JIM...START KNOCKING THESE STAKES DOWN!
ARE THEY CRAZY...OR AM I?

BUT THE PEARL THIEF HEARS THE SHOUTING...
WHAT'S ALL THIS, JIM CRUSOE? WHERE HAVE YOU SPRUNG FROM?
WHY, I FOUND THAT LITTLE 'ROO OUT ON THE REEF WHERE I WAS FISHIN' AND I BROUGHT HER BACK... ANYTHING WRONG WITH THAT, JAKE?
THAT'S TORN IT... POOR OLD JIM SEEMS TO KNOW THAT CROOK ALTHOUGH HE DOESN'T KNOW US!

YOU'RE RIGHT, MATE! JIM CRUSOE KNOWS ME BECAUSE I BUY FISH FROM HIM. AND I'VE GOT AN IDEA HOW HE CAN BE USEFUL IN OTHER WAYS... YOU WAIT AND SEE...
YOU'RE NOT FRIGHTENING ME... OUR TURN WILL COME...

JAKE TAKES JIM CRUSOE ASIDE...
NOW, YOU LISTEN TO ME, JIM... DON'T TAKE ANY NOTICE OF THAT FELLER WHO SAYS HE'S YOUR BROTHER! HE'S A CROOK, SEE? AND I WANT YOU TO STAND GUARD OVER THEM!
OKAY, JAKE, I'LL DO THAT... I DON'T LIKE CROOKS ANYWAY!


SO JIM CRUSOE TAKES UP HIS GUARD DUTIES...
UNCLE JIM, WHAT ARE YOU PLAYING AT...?
WHAT'S COME OVER YOU, JIM... DON'T YOU REMEMBER ANY OF US?
DON'T TALK TO ME, MATES...YOU'RE ALL CROOKS! JAKE'S JUST TOLD ME. AN' I'M HERE ON GUARD TO SEE YOU DON'T BREAK OUT O' THAT CAGE!

THIS BEATS EVERYTHING! THAT ROGUE HAS TURNED MY OWN BROTHER INTO A GAOLER!
TOO RIGHT, HE'S TURNED THE TABLES ON US... MADE JIM THINK WE'RE THE CROOKS!
POOR OLD JIM! ISN'T THERE ANYTHING WE CAN DO TO MAKE HIM UNDERSTAND?

Norfolk International Films Ltd.

Continue this exciting story next week!

ASTRONUT

SUDDENLY, ASTRO APPEARS....
OF COURSE I DON'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE TRAVELLING, OSCAR.... THERE ARE NO TRAFFIC JAMS IN SPACE!
WELL, I HOPE YOU REALISE HOW FORTUNATE YOU ARE, ASTRO!

WHY DON'T WE PULL OUT OF THIS JAM AND TAKE THE CAR BACK TO YOUR PLACE? THEN I'LL TAKE YOU FOR A SUPER DRIVE THROUGH SPACE!
OH, MY! THAT WOULD BE GREAT!

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Another page of Astronuttery next week!

BEETLE BAILEY

IF YOU GIVE YOURSELF UP NOW, BAILEY, I'LL ONLY BREAK A BONE FOR EVERY WINDOW YOU'VE BROKEN!
THAT'S NOT MUCH OF A DEAL...I'VE BUSTED TEN WINDOWS!
A LITTLE LATER...
I'LL HIDE IN THE WOODS, SARGE'LL NEVER FIND ME HERE! PUFF! PUFF!
PUFF PUFF!
CAMOUFLAGE IS A WAY OF HIDING FROM THE ENEMY ...AND AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, SARGE IS THE ENEMY! PHEW!

....SARGE'LL NEVER FIND ME DISGUISED AS A BUSH! HEH! HEH! HEH!
I SAW BAILEY COME INTO THIS WOOD .... I'LL SNIFF HIM OUT IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO! GRRRR!
AN HOUR LATER...
IT'S NO USE! I'VE SEARCHED EVERYWHERE FOR HIM WITHOUT ANY LUCK! BAH!

IF I'D HAVE CAUGHT HIM, I'D HAVE SMASHED HIM IN THE MID-SECTION, LIKE THIS!
WHAM!
AND THEN FINISHED HIM OFF WITH A BASH ON THE BONCE, LIKE THIS!
BASH!

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More military mirth with Beetle Bailey next week!

DOCTOR WHO

HELPING U.N.I.T. in their investigations into a strange happening at a local zoo where lions and tigers have become like pussy cats and deer, parrots and penguins have turned suddeny vicious, Dr. Who latches on to a vital clue. Evidently a party of school boys had visited the zoo just before the animals changed character. . . .

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ACCORDING TO THE HEAD KEEPER THE BOYS WHO VISITED HIS ZOO WERE FROM ARKWOOD PRIVATE SCHOOL ABOUT FIVE MILES FROM HERE...
I DON'T SEE HOW A BUNCH OF SCHOOL KIDS ARE LIKELY TO BE OF HELP IN SOLVING THIS MYSTERY!

MEANWHILE...
MY EXPERIMENTS WITH ANIMALS ARE ALMOST COMPLETE...NOW FOR THE SUPREME TEST!...TO TURN A NORMAL SCHOOLBOY INTO A VIOLENT HOOPLUM!

SO AT THE NEXT SCHOOL DINNER SESSION...
JUST A LITTLE OF MY DRUG IN THIS GLASS OF WATER...I ONLY WANT ONE OR TWO BOYS AFFECTED FOR THIS FIRST HUMAN EXPERIMENT!

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DR. WHO AND THE BRIGADIER ENTER THE SCHOOL BUILDING...
WE'LL TEACH YOU BRAWLING LITTLE BUGHTERS TO WRECK THE DINING ROOM... TAKE THEM TO MY STUDY SMITHERS!

IT SOUNDS CRAZY, HEADMASTER...BUT APPARENTLY LITTLE THOMPSON HERE STARTED THE FRIGHTFUL LOT!
LOOKS LIKE WE'VE COME TO THE RIGHT PLACE... AND JUST IN TIME!

Next week: Wild ten-year-olds on the rampage!

POPEYE
PHONEY PHONE CALL
OOPH!
KERUNCH!
LATER...
MY LEFT EAR AND MY RIGHT FINGER ARE THE ONLY PARTS UNDAMAGED... HOW CAN I GET REVENGE ON POPEYE WITH MY RIGHT FINGER AND A LEFT EAR?
I KNOW! I'LL START MAKING ANONYMOUS PHONE CALLS TO HIM AT ALL HOURS, UNTIL HE CRACKS UP!...
... I CAN PUT MY GOOD LEFT EAR TO THE PHONE AND DIAL WITH MY GOOD RIGHT FINGER!
SO...
WHAT KIND OF A STUPID SWAB'D RING ME AT TWO O' CLOCK IN THE MORNING?
BRRRING! BRRRING!
WHO'S THERE?
ME!...THE PHANTOM-PHONE-CALLER... AND I'LL BE RINGING AGAIN! HAW! HAW!
MY GORSH! IT'S ONE OF THOSE THERE CRANKS!
AT 3.30 A.M.
BRRRING! BRRRING!
AAAARGH! NOT AGAIN... THAT'S THE FIFTH CALL TONIGHT! I CAN'T STAND MUCH MORE... I'M CRACKING UP!
AT 7.45 A.M.
OH, NO! GLURG!
BRRIN
THAT'S ALL I KIN STANDS 'CAUSE I CAN'T STANDS N'MORE!
MUNCH! MUNCH!
I'LL FIND OUT WHO'S MAKING THESE CREEPY CALLS, ONCE AND FER ALL!
TUG! TUG!
BRUTUS! SO IT'S YOU WHO'S BEEN TRYIN' T' CRACK ME?
KERACK!
YEAH! BUT THAT TRIP THROUGH THE DARK, DANK, DISMAL GROUND HAS MADE ME CRACK UP!
ARF! ARF! ARF!

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